



count on me

intertwiningwords

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Summary:

beverly & richie are best friends. sometimes people get the wrong idea.

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Author's Note:

i'm almost finished with the book, and bev & richie have the cutest friendship in it, which inspired me to write this fic! i hope you enjoy!

“And then you pull the needle through like this,” Bev said, demonstrating as she talked.

Richie watched her attentively, something that seemed to be rare for him. He held his own needle between two fingers delicately, after having spent nearly twenty minutes attempting to thread it himself, before he gave up and Bev had done it for him.

She was trying to teach him how to sew patches onto his jean jacket himself, so she didn't have to do it for him every time. It wasn't going too well so far.

Bev had learned to sew when she was quite young. Her mother had taught her, and she really enjoyed it, especially because of her interest in fashion.

Richie tried to mirror her actions on a scrap piece of fabric she's cut off an old shirt for him to practice with. The stitch was lopsided, but not terrible.

Bev watched him with a smile. It was rare to see Richie totally concentrated, his tongue poking out of his mouth and his eyes narrowed behind his glasses that slid down his nose.

“Shit!” he cried, pulling his finger back. A little pinprick of blood appeared on the pad of his fingertip, and he pouted at her.

She couldn't help but giggle. She remembered pricking herself quite a lot when she was younger. “Yeah, that happens sometimes,” she said. She reached over and took his wrist, bringing his hand up to her face, pressing a quick kiss to his finger.

Richie's face flushed bright red, pulling his hand back, but he was

smiling. “Thanks.”

He eventually got the hang of it, proudly showing Beverly the “rise against racism” patch he’d sewn onto the sleeve of his denim jacket all by himself. It was a little lopsided, but he didn’t seem to notice or care. She didn’t bring it up; he looked too adorably happy and proud of himself to crush his spirits.

“Keep still!”

“I can’t help it,” Richie giggled, scrunching up his nose as he spoke. “It tickles!”

Bev laughed, picking up an eyeshadow palette. “Well, suck it up unless you want this to look like shit,” she replied, then looked down, considering which color to use and finally deciding on a bright shade of gold. “Close your eyes,” she told him, and he obeyed.

His face still twitched a little, but he ultimately kept still enough for her to be able to finish his makeup without any catastrophic mistakes.

“All done,” she said.

“Oh, fucking finally,” he sighed in relief, reaching for the mirror.

“Beep beep, Richie,” she said, but her voice was full of fondness.

Richie’s eyes went slightly wide when he saw himself in the mirror. He wasn’t sure what he’d been expecting, but he certainly didn’t think he was going to look that good. But Bev’s makeup skills proved to be magical, and he smiled.

“So?”

“I like it,” he told her. “It looks cool. You’re really good at this, Bev.”

That made her smile too. "Thanks, Rich."

"I don't know how to fucking do this, Bev," he said, running a hand through his messy hair. His legs were shaking, bouncing up and down as he sat, something that always happened when he was nervous.

"I don't get why you're so worried," she replied bluntly. "Eddie's like, infatuated with you. He likes you back, you're just the only person who doesn't see it."

"How do you know?"

"Well, he stares at you all the time, and his face lights up every time you walk into the room. And he'd be a fool not to, I mean, look how cute you are!" she grinned, reaching over to pinch his cheek.

He batted her hand away, but he was smiling now, his cheeks going pink at her words.

"You really think-"

"Yes, I do."

"Thanks, Bev."

"So, how long have you guys been together?"

They were at a concert together, and had got talking with the couple behind them. They seemed nice, and the conversation had been going quite well until they asked that question.

"Huh?"

“Like, how long have you been dating?” the girl asked innocently.

Richie didn’t mean to, really, but he couldn’t help it. He burst out laughing. Bev elbowed him in the ribs, her cheeks flushed. “Oh, no, we’re not- I- oh my god, no, I would never-” and then she was laughing too.

The couple looked at them in confusion as the two of them leaned on each other, giggling uncontrollably at the prospect of them actually dating. Ew! They were nothing but best friends, and they couldn’t imagine it any other way.

Sure, they didn’t make it easy to tell that there was no romance between them. They’d been holding hands just moments ago, and slow dancing together before that. But still. Ew.

“Oh, sorry to assume-” the girl started to say.

“No, it’s totally fine,” Richie said, still giggling a bit. He opted to not mention the fact that he was incredibly gay, and Beverly was a huge lesbian, just in case they didn’t take too well to that news. If they hadn’t caught on by the pins and patches on both their jackets, he wasn’t going to draw it to their attention.

There had been a time when Richie thought he had a crush on Beverly Marsh. How funny that seemed to him now. It was before he had realized and come to terms with his attraction to boys.

Bev was pretty, very pretty, and Richie had basically equated his aesthetic and platonic love for her as romance. That quickly passed when he realized those romantic feelings were reserved for none other than his other best friend, Eddie Kaspbrak, who he now called his boyfriend.

When he told Bev this, she laughed until tears ran down her cheeks, smudging her mascara beneath her blue eyes. He’d laughed right

along with her. They seemed to do a lot of that together.

Richie could always count on Bev to find his terrible, tasteless jokes funny. He could also count on her for a shoulder to cry on, relationship advice, sewing patches on his jacket, and to do his makeup because his hands were too shaky for winged eyeliner.

She could always count on him to make her smile after a bad day, to be her fake boyfriend to ward off creepy guys, to encourage her, and whenever she just really needed a hug.

They were both close with the rest of the losers, but something about their bond was just particularly strong. They were like siblings. Sometimes Richie joked that she was his soulmate, except he wasn't really joking.

They were perfect for each other, in the most platonic sense of the phrase.

Author's Note:

thanks for reading! feedback is always appreciated!

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